Volume LXXIII CHICAGO, APRIL 16, 1914 Number 7

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

NATURE'S FOUNDLINGS

When lush Marsh-Marigolds their bloom unfold
In moisty vales where April brooklets run,
They lift their yellow radiance to the sun
In joyance never dreamed by market gold.
Near them, frail Bloodroot—meek though sanguine stoled—
Her white plumes blossoming from juices dun—
Playfully trembles at the mocking fun
Of Cranesbill shuddering as if ghostly old.
I laughed with them to-day on sunny banks
O'erhung by hemlocks widely topping all,
And raised my own glad song in quiet thanks
That on this busy, phantom-chasing Ball
One soul at least was free to join the ranks
Of Nature's foundlings beyond city wall.

Boston JAMES H. WEST

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ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1914. Number 16

APRIL

Swelling bud and fond suggestion,
  Wafting of perfume,
Tearful rapture, thrilling question
  Of restraint or bloom,
Life all dreamlessly asleeping
  As in death, but now,
Upward to the sunshine creeping,—
  April, that is thou!

Mystery's authentic dwelling,
  Faith's expanding wing,
Maiden's loveliness foretelling
  Fuller blossoming,
Prophet of the new creation,
  Priestess of the bough,
Month of the imagination,—
  April, that is thou!

April Lippincott's. —*Florence Earle Coates.*

The recent high and merited commendation of the writings of Rev. Alexander Webster, of Scotland, in our columns, by our associate Mr. Crooker, and the appearance in our issue of March 19 of Dr. Webster's exposition of "The Essential Bargain," will lead our readers to be interested in the announcement that Dr. Webster's recent book, "Memories of a Ministry," can be obtained from the American Unitarian Association's Bookroom, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

An Oriental exchange tells of the suicide of a young bride in Bengal to save her father from the immediate ruin that would be occasioned by his paying the heavy dowry for her marriage. The young women of America are freed from many of the cruel exactions and matrimonial hindrances that obtain in the more caste-ridden East, but the solvency of many an American father is menaced by the conventional style and parade incident to the successful marrying of a favorite daughter, a belle of society.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!" This is a saying as true now as it was in the heroic revolutionary days. It is as true in regard to the liberty of the man with the dark skin as the man with the white. The movements now pending in Congress making generous provision for the furthering of agricultural interests in the South, from which the colored man, the great tiller of the soil in the South, is shut out, and the movement set afoot by the executive departments in Washington to segregate the colored men and women employed in the various governmental activities in defiance to the well established precedent and principles of the civil service, are menacing signs that vigilance is still the duty of the loyal friends of freedom. The liberty of the most favored is menaced when the rights of the most humble are denied.

The *Indian Messenger,* published in Calcutta, is pained to find an increasing number of boys "belonging to respectable Indian families growing rude and rowdy," and this it attributes to the fact of their contact with the West, which, "so profitable in many respects, is responsible for this decay of the proverbial gentleness of the Hindu and the remarkable courtesy of the Musselman." But it admits that it is possible to carry discipline too far, as was done recently by an inspector of schools, who condemned a boy—for shouting *"Saheb, Salam, Salam, Salam!"* under some kind of conditions in some kind of venerable presence—to receive a "birching of twelve cuts with a cane," and a certain officer was "deputed to witness the flogging in order that he may report to me that the caning was properly administered."

The passing of Rev. Russell N. Bellows, on the 13th ult., removes from the ranks another life-long friend of Unity. He did not enjoy the brilliant gifts of his eloquent father, who was such a power in the pulpit of All Souls Church, New York City, for so many years, and was the great president of the great Sanitary Commission during the war, but he did share his father's earnest faith in a liberal gospel and was a patient and persistent student of high things. In his death another of the early supporters, and in those days a frequent contributor of Unity, has passed into the beyond, leaving this advocate of "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion" more and more in the hands of a new generation. The old supporters were men and women not only of large faith, but of enthusiastic enterprise. They were strong in the conviction that they had a "Cause" that the world needed. The "Cause" has grown no less important and scarcely less needed. May the children of a new generation be equally worthy and loyal fathers.

One of the lecturers in the Geological Department of the University of Chicago these days is Edson Bastin, of the Government service in Washington. He is the son of Professor E. S. Bastin, who was a graduate of the old University of Chicago and a much honored professor in his Alma Mater; the author of important text-books in botany and beloved by all those who belong to the heroic pioneers of the Uni-

versity, whether as students or teachers. Such men were, in their day, a great contribution to the intellectual and ethical life of the then growing city. The coming of this brilliant young man, with his trained mind, to the institution of learning the foundations of which his devoted father helped to lay, suggests Easter rejoicing. He was an attendant at the Easter service at Lincoln Centre last Sunday, and said he wanted to stand up with the Confirmation Class of 1914, and live over again the inspirations of his boyhood, which made him one of the earliest members of the Confirmation Class Alumni of All Souls Church. "Train the child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart therefrom!" 'The children rise up to call wise fathers and faithful mothers, blessed.'

The *Public* calls attention to a letter of John Galsworthy rebuking the Parliament "for wasting time over non-essentials while the great wrongs of humanity go unredressed." He further calls attention to the fact that H. G. Wells, Frederick Harrison and others, voice the popular discontent of the enfranchised over their representatives—and oftentimes misrepresentatives—caused by the clumsiness incident to the unnecessarily large membership of the House of Commons, which at the present time represents a total of six hundred and seventy members. The inconveniences, nay, the disgraces of England, are those also of the United States. When the old timidity concerning democracy is banished and the will of the people is sought, not dreaded, the elaborate system of checks and counter-checks, so ingeniously devised by the framers of our constitution, will be supplanted by an equally ingenious set of *pushes* and hurry-up rules that will secure the will of the people all the more fully. Over legislation is a menace, but "hobbled" legislation and obstructory rules are a greater menace. When our House of Representatives is reduced to half its present size, and that non-democratic relic of aristocracy, the Senate, is abolished altogether, and instead there is installed a House of Governors, which meets triennially or quadrennially, with the power of recommendation to the national legislative body, we will begin to have a legislative device adequate to the needs of a growing "government of the people, by the people and for the people."

A hundred and forty million dollars is the modest demand of the navy interests for this year, at the hands of the United States. This means two dreadnaughts, six torpedo boat destroyers and eight submarines. The two battleships are to cost $30,000,000. The *Advocate of Peace* urges among other considerations that there are not officers enough to man the ships that we already have, and that if the present "modest scheme" of a pacific administration is carried out there will be, during the next two years, six other battleships and sixty-one lesser ships to supply with officers. This deficiency of officers can be readily supplied doubtless. It was Artemus Ward, with his militant genius, who proposed to recruit a regiment of brigadier-generals in the Civil War, because they were so much more easily found than privates. When these new ships are "officered," then will come the more perplexing problem of how to "man" them. It is encouraging to know that at least four members of the Naval Affairs Committee submitted a minority report stating that these ships were unnecessary; that we have enough and more than we need now for any possible emergency. Apropos to these appropriations, what has become of that submarine boat that recently went below for trial and never came up again? What about that holiday in battleship building suggested by Winston Churchill, Lord of the British Admiralty, and which we believe our Congress unanimously approved? What does the defeat in Alabama of the belligerent Hobson, scare-angel of the American Congress, signify?

The Unitarian friends in the East are welcoming home Rev. J. T. Sunderland, who has just completed a missionary journey around the world under the "Billings Lectureship," a missionary fund at the disposal of the American Unitarian Association. He has not only an interesting travel story to tell, but an important religious message to deliver. If we mistake not, his has been the most deliberate and extended attempt yet made to find the common ground between the liberal interpreters of Christianity and the liberal interpreters of the other great religious faiths of the world, for there are *liberal religious* interpreters of Shintoism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Brahmanism, etc., and Mr. Sunderland has sought and, we believe, has found, in a striking way, communion with these new interpreters of the old faiths, which share with Christianity and Judaism the devotion of humanity. He brings, if we understand him aright, an increasing assurance that at the heart of all these religions are the common yearnings of aspiring humanity, the prophetic mind of widening reason and the saintly consecrations to duty and service. Following this new communion will come a new and sweeter co-operation. Instead of the old desire of the passionate "missionaries of the cross" to supplant all other religions with the dogmatic and soul-saving schemes of Christianity, there will come a sweeter, more scientific and more humane thirst for mutual understanding and united effort leading all religions away from outgrown dogmas, burdensome formulas, and all meaningless observances, feasts and fastings, posturings, suspicions and prejudices, to the

end that the overlapping territory of beauty, truth, love, worship and duty may be more successfully tilled; little caring whether the tillers of the spiritual farm in any given section of the round world work in the name of one great teacher or another, or whether the name given the great Nameless, because the Boundless, be "Jehovah, Jove or Lord." In other words, Mr. Sunderland has belted the globe as a seeker and a server of universal religion, and his journey is one more step toward the synthesis of faith that seeks the advance of freedom, fellowship and character in religion.

The Unitarian women of the Arlington Street Church in Boston are interested in raising a fund of $5,000 as a memorial fund to Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, for the benefit of the public library at Campobello, which for many years was Mrs. Wells' summer home. The Arlington Street Church is the church of William Ellery Channing, Ezra Stiles Gannett and their worthy successors, among whom was this devoted woman light-bearer and life-giver, whose mind and heart were at the service of every cause, and her hand open to every noble call. In the heroic days which gave birth to UNITY, the days when the Western Unitarian Conference was called unto a high leadership, the days of that brave battle for an ethical rather than a doctrinal basis in religion, known as the "Issue in the West," the days of the Parliament of Religion and its extension, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells' home was a Boston headquarters for these western interests. From her home and with her active co-operation the first UNITY fund of, we believe $10,000, was raised, which organized the Colgrove Book Company in connection with which the Western Unitarian cause, found its headquarters and UNITY found its publishing hand. Mrs. Wells may well be regarded in this work as the forerunner of the workers who now, under the leadership of Mrs. George F. Shears, are laboring to complete the Unity Endowment Fund of $30,000, which has been growing since the thirtieth birthday of UNITY, five years ago the first of March last. The fund is now well inside the last $5,000, and we hope that those of our readers who have been considering but neglecting will join the UNITY Life Guard as promptly as possible. Let such remember that all the funds so far subscribed are contingent upon the completion of the full $30,000. One of the interesting features of the Easter service at the Abraham Lincoln Centre last Sunday was a basket full of little barrels loaded with the pennies of the Sunday School children of All Souls Church, given as their offering to the UNITY Fund. The big basket felt heavy and rattled as though the little children had been self-denying. The fund so far accumulated represents contributions reaching from the pennies of the infant class to subscriptions of five thousand dollars. Somewhere in this range there is room for and a claim upon all those who have received light and strength from UNITY in the past, and who believe that it still has a message to deliver and a cause to represent.

Editorial Wanderings

III.

Reaching Colorado Springs Sunday noon, March 29, I promptly found myself in the hands of old friend and new ones. At 8 o'clock I was at last within the walls of the Unitarian Church, a church that reaches back into the old days of my western Unitarian campaigning when W. R. G. Mellen, of blessed memory, was bravely holding the "frontier post." This night's program was the last in a series of civic discussions, led by "Senator H. R. Robinson." Thus printed the announcement is very commonplace, for State Senators are so common in the West that they are almost vulgar; but when the name is written in full and we read Senator *Helen* R. Robinson, then we instantly rub our eyes and take notice, for even in Colorado, the long established woman's suffrage state, they have but *one* woman senator, though I believe there are several women in the lower house. This "Senator H. R. Robinson" told us how, when unsuccessfully "paged" in one of New York's great hotels, the telegram was slipped under her door with the following memorandum on the back: "Paged in the barroom and the barber shop!" Her address was a lively discussion of present political issues in the State of Collorado. That she struck the real notes in current interest was apparent, but they were way above and far beyond those of personal politics and "boss" personalities. She told her audience that Colorado, seen from the distance of New York City, was not a State of mines, of coal and strikes, not even of scenery and mountain altitudes, but the home of two figures that loomed up over and in front of all these, viz., "Ben Lindsay" and "Tom Tynan." Judge Lindsay's work with the boys and his place in Juvenile Court leadership, is a matter of world-wide repute; but Tom Tynan's success with the convicts of the State's Prison, his method of developing "trusties," and by the aid of his road working gangs making Colorado famous for its good roads, is a story not sufficiently known and an example not sufficiently heeded by the older and, would be, more developed states in the East. At the close of Senator Robinson's interesting address there was a postscript in the interest of peace, appended by the man from Chicago.

Colorado College is a feature in the intellectual and spiritual landscape of the state. A denominational college, founded in pioneer days through the enterprise of the Congregational Church, but, having outgrown

its denominational limits, it is now boastful of its non-sectarian character, and takes its place confidently among the institutions of higher learning in the West. Unfortunately President Slocum, who for a quarter of a century has led this institution into power, was out of town, and so I was denied the pleasure of meeting face to face a man with whom I have long been acquainted in the spirit.

On Tuesday morning at a quarter past nine o'clock I met the happy boys and girls of the college in their regular assembly and gave them as much as fifteen minutes would allow of my answer to "Who are the Cultured?" and an hour later, to the multitude of High School students, gave the same address in long meter, which overflowed the hour.

It had been announced that on Wednesday evening, in the Unitarian Church, I would deliver the lecture on "Abraham Lincoln; The Story Retold," which had been booked for Lincoln's birthday, February 12, but was not given on account of a more imperative call to New York City in the interest of peace; but it became apparent to Pastor Robjent of the Unitarian Church and to the college officials interested, that the Unitarian auditorium would not hold those who would want to come, particularly the number of students whose interest had been enlisted in the morning, and so the college authorities generously opened their beautiful large "Perkins Hall," which was filled to the doors.

On Thursday evening, the one advertised occasion of my going to Colorado Springs, occurred. The "Winter Night's Club," a men's club, notable in its membership and more notable in the high quality of its discussions, came together, filled the large dining-room of the beautiful Antlers Hotel, and enjoyed first the eating, which among the favored male citizens of the United States is now coming to be a more imperative feature of every high toned function than among the women. When ladies content themselves with tea, dainty salads, ice cream and cake, served in pink environment, the men demand the real thing, everything from soup to coffee,—the whole en-sphered though not en-haloed in smoke. On this occasion, following the dinner, the club members listened graciously to "The Call of the City" as interpreted by the man from Chicago. The president of this club is the much honored Judge Lunt of Colorado Springs, one of the pioneers, now venerable and venerated. He is the son of Mr. Orpington Lunt, of venerated memory in Chicago and Evanston, one of the generous fathers of the Northwestern University. During the dinner hour the speaker and the president reveled more in the early history of Chicago and its triumphs during the last half of the nineteenth century, than in the more intimate traditions of the Pathfinders in Colorado Springs. Here was the home of Helen Hunt, and the resting place of her ashes, which have been removed from the Eagle's Nest on the mountain side, the spot of her selection, into the city cemetery, because the original grave was becoming not only a shrine for the lovers of high poetry and prophetic womanhood, but a "resort" of the curious and the idle, and was being desecrated by commercialism. A gate fee to the grave of Helen Hunt Jackson was an offense to which those who had in charge the sacred dust could not submit.

At last the goal of thirty years and more was reached. My earliest enthusiasm over mountain conquerors was aroused way back there in the 50's when John C. Fremont, the "pathfinder," and his wife, Jessie Benton Fremont, were glorified in a boy's ideality. The old Mitchell's geography, studied in the log school house, had its clearly defined group of triple peaks of the Rocky Mountain range, standing in close proximity, marked respectively Pike's Peak, Long's Peak, Fremont Peak. Pike's Peak towers above Colorado Springs, the pride and joy of its citizens, Long's Peak is sixty miles or more away, in the neighborhood of Denver, but Fremont Peak seems to have disappeared, perhaps dwindled with the fame of its discoverer,—at least I was unable to find any "old resident" who could locate it. The Garden of the Gods, Manitou, the Springs, the modern home for the tubercular victims of the fraternal order of Woodmen, and the older and in many respects more interesting home for similar patients, established and generously maintained by the International Typographical Union, were visited. Then a dinner with a group of Welsh patriots, which once numbered a hundred members, filled up the four days at Colorado Springs,—days of delight and a fair degree of sunshine. Had the clouds kept off another day the glories of the "Cripple Creek Route" would have been mine, under the genial chaperonage of a Cambrian.

In Kansas City Sunday morning, April 5, I was again a spiritual member of the House of Israel, enjoying the beautiful Temple, the always impressive and most modern of the modern Jewish rituals and a large audience, before whom I discussed "The Overlapping Territory in Religion."

At Monday noon the City Club of Kansas City, thrilling with the reform enthusiasm of an ante-election campaign in the interest of independency in politics and Government by Commission, listened to "The Call of the City." Then I stole away thirty miles, hid myself at the "New Elms," in that little city of springs and wells—Excelsior Springs. For three days I indulged in free drinking, much soaking and pounding, and resting. But the obscurity I sought was not very dense, for the hotel was full of Chicago people, thirty subscribers to the Chicago *Tribune* at the news-stand.

On the way home, at Kansas City on Thursday

night, perhaps the most thrilling, vital and vitalizing audience and subject of my itinerary engaged my attention. About a hundred of the Society for the Suppression of Commercialized Vice, which in Kansas City counts four hundred members, had supper at the City Club rooms, where they came to listen to an address on the subject nearest to their hearts. From that consulting room, for it was a real consultation, I found my berth on a Santa Fe train, and Friday noon I was back again in Chicago, ready for the Good Friday meeting and the Easter joys of reunion. The rest of forty-four days, in which I had traveled 5,819 miles and delivered forty-two lectures and addresses, already commented upon, was met by the assurance that my absence had been the occasion of much splendid work at the Centre, including house-cleaning and the preparation and printing of the "Annual," which is an institution in the life of Lincoln Centre, for the thirty-first time it has ushered in our Easter, and it will be the task of the coming years to live up to its traditions and hue to the lines therein laid down.

It now only remains for the wanderer to bear testimony to the generous fellowship received at the hands of the southern lovers of Robert E. Lee, who permitted him to interpret "The Man who Conquered Defeat," from the standpoint of one of Lincoln's soldiers who hates war, and who deplores that wrong way of doing the right thing—namely, freeing the slave and saving the Union; the fellowship at the hands of his co-religionists, the Jews, the opportunity of joining with his co-workers, the teachers in high school and college; all of which gives growing assurance of the coming of a new interpretation of the old religions, a re-reading of the terms of spiritual communion.

Then there are the thanks due to the friends in and out of the office who kept UNITY's face bright and helped to make its future full of hope if not of radiance. My heart is full of gratitude to the infinite bounty that gives health and strength, the joy of work, and the opportunity that awaits me.

Lovingly,

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Chance

A chance seen and captured may be the beginning of greater courage and cheerfulness in your life.

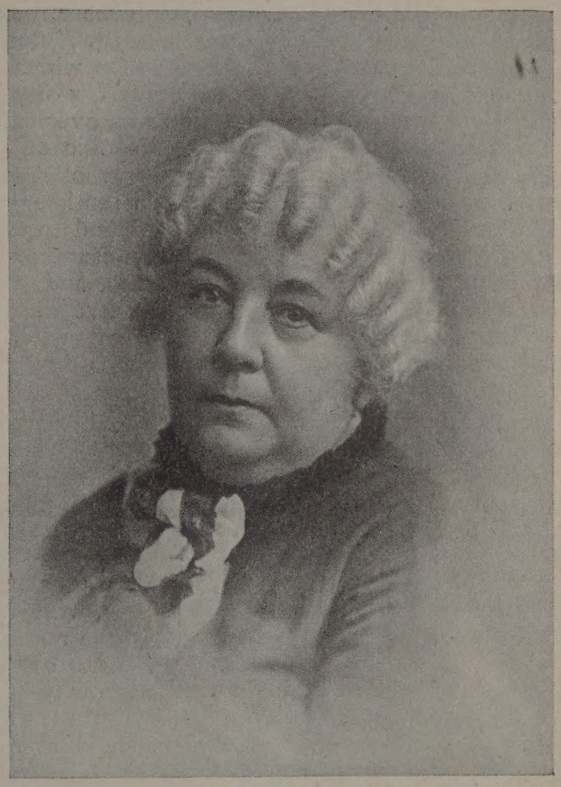
A little chance, grasped, may be the germ of a big thing; a tiny seed of today may be a flower of tomorrow.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS



MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

Elizabeth Cady and Gerrit Smith were first cousins; their mothers being daughters of Col. James Livingston of Revolutionary fame. It was at Peterboro, where she was a frequent guest, that Elizabeth Cady was courted and won by the learned and versatile Henry B. Stanton. In her autobiography, "Sixty Years and More," Mrs. Stanton devotes a chapter to Peterboro, describing life at the mansion most delightfully.

CHAPTER VIII.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

When the first associated movement of women for securing their rights came into existence, the civil disabilities of the sex were many and serious. Women, literally were, in important measure, a subject class. Religion, law and custom combined to fix their status as inferiors. Reform and progress overlooked them. The long and costly struggles for human freedom concerned themselves with the rights and liberties of one-half of the human race. However successful those struggles, the position of the other half remained much the same. Indirectly, women shared to some extent in the general fruits of human progress, for men could not improve their own condition without some trifling share of the gain extending to their wives, mothers, daughters and sisters. But the gains were trifling by comparison.

As woman's place in the world always had been secondary, it appeared to most people that it was, in the nature of things, fixed for all time and wisely ordained. Women themselves, the great majority of them, shared in the conviction. The term, Lord of

Creation, assumed by man, was not assumed in jest. It expressed the position which the male human actually held. Women in general acquiesced in it, most of them with pride. Was it not enough for them to be related to so superior a creature? For equality and justice, women received from men gallantry; i. e., compliments, praise, fulsome expressions of sentimental devotion. The lover, "sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow," not inaptly typifies the character of the devotion which the sex-fascination drew from men. It cast a fleeting radiance over women's lives. It led to an over-valuation of their "charms." The word is significant. Influences that exert over men a power wholly apart from the power of noble and generous sentiments, a power as of magic, is what it means. And to exert that magic, women must have youth and beauty. But beauty is capriciously bestowed by nature, and youth has but a brief lease of life in a world where all grow old. The prose of woman's existence covered a far wider fraction of the whole than its poetry. And even the poetry ran often into tragic poetry.

Grave and pitiful hardships, gross and shameful wrongs, marked the lives of women toilers, because of the inferiority of woman's position with respect to man. It was worse in the older countries than in America, just as all industrial conditions were harder in those countries than in ours. Woman's toil was often very drudgery; and in cases it was the toil of beasts of burden. Her wages were low, very low. Child toil went along with woman's. In the mines of England and Scotland women drew cars of coal through holes in the earth too low and narrow to admit the smallest donkey. They were fitted with a harness, got down on all fours, and with a chain or rope running under them, hauled their loads. The tunnel roofs dripped water, pools stood in depressions of the tunnels. The rags which hung upon the women scarcely hid their bodies. These conditions were discovered and brought before Parliament by Lord Ashley's commission in 1843. Little girls as young as six worked in the mines. Women were found toiling there who were close to the crisis of motherhood. Both sexes worked in the same shifts, women stripped to the waist like the men and boys, owing to the heat. Some of the conditions brought to light by Lord Ashley's commission would seem incredible were not the cruelty of human greed so well attested.

Far less consideration was given to women's labor than to man's, wherever the same work was done. Woman's inferior size and strength made it easy to hold her to conditions to which men would not submit. And being helpless before the law, she had no recourse.

The ranks of girls and women who sacrificed themselves for the pleasure of men, were recruited largely, then as now, from the ranks of women and girl workers; not because of any inherent love of evil in persons of that class, but because the conditions of their lives were such that they were exposed continually to temptation and were often thrown into situations where they were helpless before the advances of men.

The women's rights movement was championed in earlier days, as now, by women who were not themselves sufferers from the cruel injustice of law and custom; by well-born, highly educated, generally well-to-do women. They felt the wrongs of their sex through sympathy; they championed the rights of their sex from a clear-eyed perception of human justice.

Under the common law then, and in the most advanced nations, woman was literally the adjunct of man. If married, the title to herself was in her husband with all that was hers, even to the children for whom she had risked her life. To be sure, a husband could not sell his wife; but he could hold her to perpetual domestic slavery. The condition of a daughter too, was much like that of a piece of property, the title to which was in her father.

In a thousand cases, of course, the debased, oppressed and helpless condition of women was unfelt, for the reason that husbands were affectionate and considerate and fathers loving, chivalrous and generous. But so it was true that, in the case of the enslaved blacks at the South, their actual sufferings from the laws that denied their rights, were minimized by the general considerateness of masters. Nevertheless, a brutal master had it in his power to make the existence of his slaves an unrelieved burden, and the same was true of the lawful privileges of a brutal husband and father of a daughter. The ground of the protest against slavery was not that all slaves were mistreated, but that the system permitted mistreatment without remedy, and was in itself immoral and degrading. And so those women, who, feeling keenly the injustice of the laws under which they lived, entered upon a campaign for the rights of their sex, engaged in their labors not under the claim that all women were abused and made miserable by the laws, but upon the ground that the laws were of such nature that abuse was a legal thing, and that many women actually were the victims of their inhumanity and injustice.

It is astonishing, at this distance of time from the early stages of the woman's rights movement, to read of the violent opposition which it met, not alone from people "of the ruder sort," but from persons of respectability and standing; pillars, so to speak, in the edifices of the state and the church; ministers, teachers, editors and the like. On September 8th, 1852, a Woman's Rights convention was held in Syracuse. Lucretia Mott presided; Susan B. Anthony and Martha C. Wright were secretaries. Among the women present and taking part in the meeting, besides these, were Pauline Wright Davis, Elizabeth Oakes Smith, Lucy Stone, Rev. Antoinette Brown and Ernestine L. Rose. Letters commending the purposes of the gathering were read from Mrs. Stanton, Angelina Grimké Weld, William Henry Channing, Horace Greeley, W. L. Garrison and others of like standing. Gerrit Smith was present and made a strong speech, in the course of which he declared, with reference to woman's demand for the ballot: "All rights are held by a precarious tenure, if this one right is denied. . . . The right of suffrage is the great right that guarantees all others." Some of the vital interests that were discussed at this convention may be gathered from these few sentences taken from Lucy Stone's address:

The claims we make at this convention are self-evident truths. The second resolution affirms the right of human beings to their persons and earnings. Is not that self-evident? Yet the common law, which regulates the relation of husband and wife, and is modified only in a few instances by the statutes, gives the "custody" of the wife's person to the husband so that he has a right to her even against herself. It gives him her earnings, no matter with what weariness they have been acquired, or how greatly she may need them for herself and her children. It gives him the right to her per-

sonal property, which he may will entirely away from her, also the use of her real estate, and in some of the states married women, insane persons and idiots are ranked together as not fit to make a will; so that she is left with only one right, which she enjoys in common with the pauper, the right of maintenance. Indeed, when she has taken the sacred marriage vow, her legal existence ceases.

And what is our position politically? The foreigner, the negro, the drunkard, all are entrusted with the ballot, all placed by men politically higher than their own mothers, wives, sisters and daughters! . . . We ask only for justice and equal rights—the right to vote, the right to our own earnings, equality before the law: these are the Gibraltars of our cause.

Most persons, reading today this declaration of the objects for which those women had formed their organization, would agree that, at least they were entitled to exemption from public abuse, from sneering and ribald comment, above all things, from religious attack. From the names of the persons prominent in the convention, it will have been seen that its members were an eminently respectable body. And yet, a clergyman interrupted the proceedings with a diatribe full of insolence, and was followed by a teacher, who spoke in much the same vein. Two of the city's pastors delivered themselves of sermons against the woman's cause. But the most shameless opposition found expression in some of the newspapers. One Syracuse paper characterized the gathering as the "Tomfoolery Convention;" and said among other choice things:

The poor creatures who take part in the silly rant of brawling women and Aunt Nancy men are most of them 'ismizers of the rankest stamp. Abolitionists of the most frantic and contemptible kind and Christian (?) sympathizers with such heretics as Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Parker Pillsbury, C. C. Burleigh and S. S. Foster. These men are all women's rights, and preachers of such damnable doctrines and accursed heresies as would make demons of the pit shudder to hear.

The New York Herald, commenting editorially on what it called "The Farce at Syracuse," said in one paragraph:

How did woman first become subject to man, as she now is, all over the world? By her nature, her sex, just as the negro is and always will be to the end of time, inferior to the white race and therefore doomed to subjection; but she is happier than she would be in any other condition, just because it is the law of her nature.

Gerrit Smith and his wife were equally interested in the woman movement. In her quiet way Mrs. Smith exercised a wide influence for the reforms for which her sisters were striving. The Peterboro home offered, always, a warm welcome for the reform advocates. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Gerrit Smith were own cousins, as has been already stated. She was often a visitor at Peterboro. Hardly less frequent visitors were Miss Anthony, Lucy Stone, Sarah M. Grimké and Angelina, her sister, the wife of Theodore D. Weld, Rev. Antoinette Brown and others among the leaders. All the Woman's Rights people regarded Peterboro as a haven of rest; its sympathetic atmosphere rendering it at once delightful and inspiring.

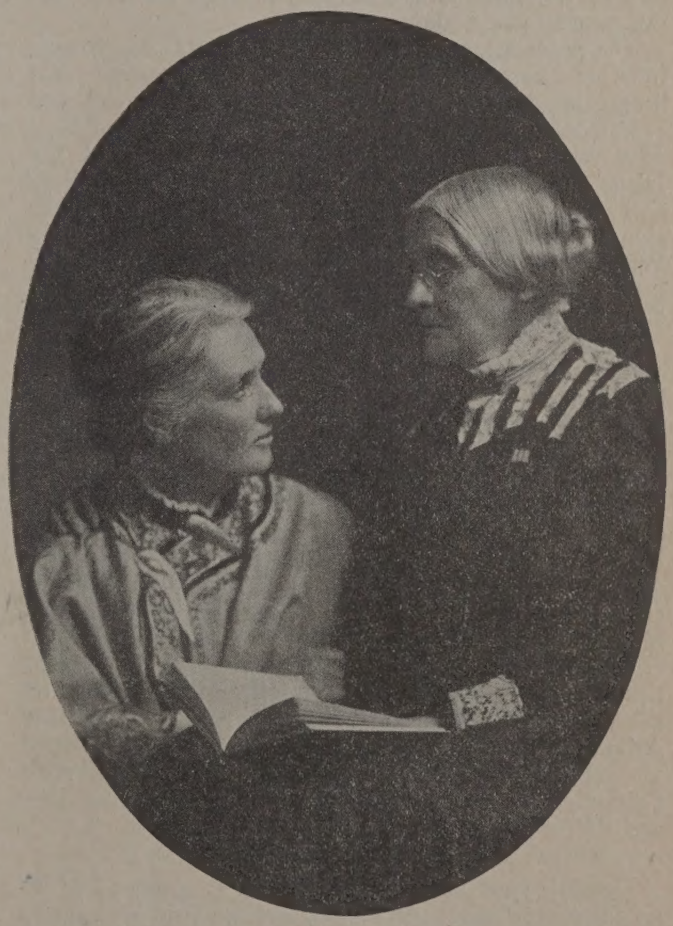
Mr. Smith gave generously of his time and efforts to the cause, appearing often as a speaker at woman's meetings, and writing popular tractates in behalf of the principles at issue. And, of course, his purse was open in aid of the cause. No one exceeded him in the art of putting the argument for suffrage in convincing language, e. g.:

The chief use of suffrage is the selection of rulers. Hence, as the office of rulers is to protect the persons and property of the people, it follows that they who have no voice in the choosing of the rulers, have no voice in the question of the protection of their own lives and properties. The disfranchised lie, with their possessions and their lives, at the mercy of those who have usurped the exclusive franchise.

When Susan B. Anthony voted at the Presidential election in 1872, and was arrested, tried and fined one hundred dollars and costs for so doing, she refused to pay, stating her refusal to the court in most emphatic language. Judge Hunt had too much consideration to commit her until the fine was paid, and a little later, Gerrit Smith sent her the money to satisfy the court's verdict. In his letter he says:

So you have not paid your fine, are not able to pay it, and are not willing to pay it. I send you herein the money to pay it. If you should still decline doing so, then use the money at your own discretion, to promote the cause of woman suffrage.

(To be continued.)



ANNE FITZHUGH MILLER AND SUSAN B. ANTHONY

Gerrit Smith and his wife were among the first to appreciate the single-minded devotedness of Miss Anthony, and her great abilities as a leader in a great cause. She was often a guest at Peterboro. In later years she was quite as often a guest at Lochland, Geneva, with Colonel and Mrs. Miller and their daughter Anne. Between the younger and the elder reformer a strong and beautiful friendship existed. How clearly this mutual regard is shown in the picture, which was taken by the artist, Hale, at Geneva, during a visit of Miss Anthony to Lochland, in November, 1905. This portrait of Miss Anthony is regarded as one of the most satisfactory ever made of her.

Mark Twain, so the story goes, was walking on Hannibal Street when he met a woman with her youthful family. "So this is the little girl, eh?" Mark said to her as she displayed her children. "And this sturdy little urchin in the bib belongs, I suppose, to the contrary sex." "Yassah," the woman replied; "yassah, dat's a girl, too."—Exchange.

STUDY TABLE

From an Advance Press Notice of the Wisconsin History Commission

An Artilleryman's Diary

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the well-known Chicago clergyman and social worker, spent the years of his life from 1862 to 1865 as a private in the ranks of the Sixth Wisconsin Battery of Artillery. The diary of his army life and observations which the young soldier kept with conscientious care during these three most momentous years in the life of the nation was secured for publication some time since by the Wisconsin History Commission, and is now about to be issued under the caption given above.

The publication of *An Artilleryman's Diary* constitutes an interesting and important contribution to the literature of the Civil War. No higher class of men ever went to the making of an army than the soldiers who wore the blue and the gray. Readers of the Diary and those familiar with its author's later career will alike agree that no better soldier fought on either side in the Civil War than the high-minded young Welsh-American who at the age of eighteen, at the behest of conscience, "stern daughter of the voice of God," enlisted in the Sixth Wisconsin Battery.

Finally, the Diary is valuable because, to use the author's own words in speaking of it, "it offers a typical case—a small cross section of the army that freed the slave and saved the Union." It presents an unvarnished photograph, taken on the spot from day to day, of the camp, the march, and the battlefield. It takes the reader from the excitement of the battle-charge to the baneful monotony of the camp, from the hardship of the march to the indolence of winter quarters, from the crowded camp saloon to the equally crowded soldier church. In short, it presents a complete picture of the soldier's life from day to day.

The work appears with peculiar fitness at the present time. This is the semi-centennial, and the season of the year, when Sherman began his campaign against Atlanta which was to cut the Confederacy in twain, and when Grant was beginning the bloody Wilderness Campaign which eventuated in the surrender of Lee and the conclusion of the War.

Employ your smallest Chance as it comes; for if, as Thackeray says, you cannot change your character, a small Chance, well used, may *develop* the noble side of your character. There is ever the Chance to be poor in spirit, and to be pure in heart, to transmute your Cross into a Crown.

To find what the French call its *raison d'etre,* the habit of catching and enhancing the fugitive Chance, may give the humblest dwelling a charm the millionaire palace may not possess.

In that meeting and grouping of individuals so constantly, so strangely going on, there may be your Chance which, if wisely seized, shall be the breeding of a larger capacity, the art of turning accident into achievement.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

A YEARS WORK

In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

XI.

II. Maccabees

TEXT: *"Choosing rather to die nobly than to fall into wickedness."* xiv:42.

All that was said last week regarding I. Maccabees by way of historical introduction applies to this lesson. The second book of Maccabees as a literary study, however, presents a striking contrast to the first book and grows in interest as we realize that contrast.

For a product of that time the first book of Maccabees is severely historical, practical, almost critical. To use a vicious word, which we are getting rid of, it is "secular" as distinguished from ecclesiastical history. It comes as near being *reliable* as anything in the literature of the Jews up to the Christian era. It covers about one hundred years in round numbers. It is paralleled by the less critical record that we find in Josephus, in whose hands the story grows unduly, particularly as to the mathematics of it. Josephus liked to emphasize by numbers.

The second Maccabees is contemporary with the first, representing perhaps a period of from fourteen to twenty years. But this story is told from a different standpoint and with a much looser hand. The first Maccabees was written originally in Hebrew by a Jewish writer, probably a layman, a Sadducee, as distinguished from the liturgist and formalist. The second book was written in Greek, in Alexandria. In the first book the name of God is seldom used, not from unbelief but from a sense of reverence. It contains no miracle and very little of the supernatural, of which there is an abundance in the second book. The writer of the second book did not hesitate to call in reinforcements from heaven, angels are present to help and the Almighty is ready to lend a hand in the struggle whenever it seems necessary.

By its own confession this is a story book, a collection of stories recounting heroic incidents in the fierce struggle of the Hebrews for religious and political independence. It also contains some of the hymns and poetry of the Maccabean period, a simplified compilation for purely ethical and spiritual purposes. The book does not pretend to be an original work. Scholars say it is written in elegant Greek, differing from the first book in that it has few Hebraisms. Again, it is to be regretted that this book also was thrown out of the Canon because it contains just that element which it is hard for the literalist and the dogmatist to recognize in our Bible, the story-book element, the folk-lore element, the King Arthur-like legends and traditions.

The first nine verses of the first chapter purport to

be a letter written from Jerusalem to brother Jews in Alexandria, inviting them to send a delegation to the re-dedication of the Temple, which after the Syrians had been driven out by Judas Maccabaeus, had been renovated, redecorated and a new altar installed.

The second letter is longer, reaching from the tenth verse of the first chapter to the eighteenth verse of the second chapter. Scholars do not consider this authentic, but accept it as a pious fraud, a bit of literary creation, a growth of the imagination incident to the times, an effort to connect Jewish life in Alexandria with Jewish life in Jerusalem. Some of the commentators imagine that there was anxiety among the faithful in Jerusalem lest the Hellenistic Jews in Alexandria might set up housekeeping for themselves. They were anxious to keep them loyal to the parent church.

The remainder of the second chapter, from the nineteenth to the thirty-second verse, is a frank preface which would be easier and more attractive reading if printed with a dash above and below. The writer tells you that the whole is a compilation, a condensation of a five volume book by Jason, who tells all these stories and more. We would not know that a book by Jason ever existed were it not for the alusion to it by this writer, who seeks to inform the young Jews of Alexandria and outlying points of these heroic stories, compiled, he claims, from the more cyclopedic work of Jason of Cyrene.

Chapter III gives the startling and strange story of Heliodorus of Assyria, who, having heard that there were piles of silver in the Temple at Jerusalem, invaded the city. The high priest frankly admitted that there was in keeping a small fund for widows and orphans and other funds in trust, as well as the furnishings of the temple service, but not riches enough to justify an invasion of the holy place. Heliodorus, however, thought he was lying and proclaimed his intention of entering the Temple on the following morning. There was consternation on the part of the citizens, they lamented the pending desecration and were unceasing in prayers for deliverance. And lo! when the invading robber came he was confronted by the vision of a terrible rider in harness of gold seated on a white horse, accompanied by two young men "notable in strength, excellent in beauty and comely in apparel," advancing to oppose the ruthless invader. Heliodorus fell prostrate, first with fright and then with contrition, and went back saying he was willing to face mortal man but not the supernatural.

The prayers of the faithful had been answered!

Great artists have tried to represent this scene on canvas, notably the "Vision of the White Horse," painted by Raphael, one of the treasures of the Vatican.

The fourth chapter recounts more heroic deeds and war-time achievements.

The Temple was plundered by Antiochus, as told in chapter V, while the sixth chapter is given to a condensed statement of the humiliation of the Jews by this invader.

In chapter VI we find a well defined intimation of the Day of Judgment, which is but dimly hinted at in the Old Testament but reaches its full growth in the New. In verse fourteen, the theology is very clear that while Jehovah dealt hardly with the Jews in this world for their correction, the rest of the nations were so hopelessly bad that he let them go on in their badness, with intent to square the account in the final judgment.

The story of Eleazar and his martyrdom, showing his wisdom and courage, is as fine and clear cut as anything in martyrology. Indeed I believe the Catholic Church has given Eleazar a place among the Christian martyrs.

In chapter VII we are in the clear light of the thought of immortality, which dawns slowly in the Old Testament. The martyrdom of the seven brethren and their mother is commemorated by the Jews in the "Feast of the Lights," continuing through seven days. The feast begins with the lighting of a candle and an additional one is lit on each successive evening. Jewish traditions have given names to the seven sons, and the mother is known as Hannah. Taken at its face value it is a story that should stimulate courage, develop fidelity and help to make stalwart and heroic boys and girls.

This book was evidently compiled for pedagogical uses, and as such it can be readily understood and enjoyed. The Episcopal and other liturgical churches introduce this book into their service at certain times of the year.

If we study the Apochrypha with the same fidelity that we study the Old Testament, we will see that it throws far more light on the birth of Jesus than the Old Testament. The passion for a Messiah reached its maximum not in Old Testament times but in the Apochryphal period. The Apochrypha is redolent with dreams and hopes and expectations of Messiah, which were only partially fulfilled by Jesus. The old prophets, quoted and trusted so much as authority for the Messiahship of Jesus, when read in their right setting, do not predict the Christ that did come, but a "Messiah" who never came.

I should be very sorry to dim the faith or lessen the joy of any member of this class, but I am sustained in my teaching by the belief that all knowledge is light giving and all truth is life giving. The truth is what we want in life and in death. It is my hope that the larger conception of modern times of the power and scope of these Bible units may increase their spiritual wealth. Read Longfellow's "Judas Maccabæus."

QUESTIONS.

(1) Compare First and Second Maccabees.
(2) What was purport of letters found in the first nine verses.
(3) Tell story of Heliodorus found in chapter III.
(4) What famous painting has this story for its subject?
(5) Tell story of Eleazar.
(6) What Jewish feast is founded in story told in chapter VII?

"Oh, I wish I had paid more attention to that little girl's work! If I had only encouraged her now and then, what it would have meant to her, and what a beautiful thing it would have been to have her story of me told in her own way, year after year! If I had shown her that I cared she might have gone on with it. We are always too busy for our children; we never give them the time or the interest they deserve. We lavish gifts upon them; but the most precious gift—our personal association, which means so much to them—we give grudgingly and throw it away on those who care for it so little.—*Mark Twain.*

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDERMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO.

SUN.—It is not true that love makes all things easy: it makes us choose what is difficult.

MON.—A part of the divine power against evil—widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower.

TUES.—There's many a good bit o' work done with a sad heart.

WED.—The tale of the Divine Pity was never yet believed from lips that were not felt to be moved by human pity.

THURS.—Our guides, we pretend, must be sinless; as if those were not often the best teachers who only yesterday got corrected for their mistakes.

FRI.—One likes a "beyond" everywhere.

SAT.—The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero. Say we fail!
We feed the high traditions of the world,
And leave our spirits in our children's breasts.

George Eliot.

THE CHILDREN IN CLOUDLAND

They say there's a country in one of the stars
Where the children all have their own way.
There's no one to tell them they "mustn't" or "must,"
So they do as they choose all day.

Rich plum cake and candy and all sorts of sweets
They may eat to their small hearts' delight,
Can wear their best clothes every day in the week,
And sit up till all hours of the night.

They don't have to see that their faces are clean,
Or have snarls taken out of their hair,
For grown folks don't live in that far-away star,
So of course there is no one to care.

You'd think that those children of Cloudland would be
Just as happy as birds in the spring,
But queer to relate, they are just the reverse,
And seem not to be pleased with a thing.

They get into trouble, as all children do,
Who have no one to tell them what's right,
And often, through having their very own way,
Find themselves in a terrible plight.

And somehow they've heard of the Earth boys and girls
Who have love and the tenderest care,
And so they are crying because they don't have
Any fathers and mothers up there.

The Mothers' Magazine. —*M. Gibson.*

Boarding Sheppie Out

(*Continued.*)

We had planned that a soft bed in the stable should receive him at night, but his pitiful yelps and whines were enough to keep the entire neighborhood awake, and after hours of effort to pacify him, I brought him into the house. He never slept in the stable. The bed designed was not good enough for him. The softest upholstered chair, the favorite seat of the master of the house for his resting-place, set apart for his reading and napping when at home, was the chosen sleeping-place for the "Monarch of all he surveyed." The small creature had to be provided with a footstool to enable him to climb into his bed; once cuddled down in it, he was still, and our sleep was unbroken.

Daytime was a scene of constant watching. Shep barked at every corner to the house. The more dignified and timid the person, the more energetic his greeting, and I was kept apologizing from morning till night. Poor Jennie was sometimes betrayed by some extra demand on her patience into speaking to him a bit sharply, which quickly brought my pity into words. But she petted him all the more to make amends for her bit of scolding.

The white kid gloves he chewed up. The shawl he made rags of; the dining-room table cover he dragged off by his sharp teeth, the heavy silver pitcher bouncing to the floor to suffer cruel bruises that could not be repaired. But worst of all, shut into one of our new rooms by the wind closing the doors, he chewed the new doors as far as he could reach—persistent little scamp. He wanted to get out. We could not complain, only blamed ourselves, and redoubled our watchfulness.

One forenoon an acquaintance came in. It seemed that she had brought up dogs galore. We had said over and over that if we could find a place, we would send Shep away till he could be taught to behave like a steady old dog. And the men, father and son, had said they would gladly pay for the training, if we could find a place for him. Our caller had a puppy of her own, and would gladly take him till we wanted him at home again. So Jennie took him under her shawl and we carried him to his boarding place. We bade him good-bye, though he did not want to be left, and it was not very easy for us to leave him. Jennie had errands, and I went home alone. Oh, the lonesomeness of it when I came in! How could the little fellow have so taken a place in my love, for it was love, in spite of all his endless mischief? Tears in my eyes greeted Jennie on her return, and her eyes were not dry when she had been a few minutes in the silent rooms. Such a quiet meal as our luncheon was—in spite of our efforts to make it gay with jokes and laughter.

Soon as we were alone, we spent no time in words. We were of one mind, and we were soon on our way to the house where we had left Sheppie. How glad we were to meet! I quickly paid for a week's board and took our trouble into our own hands again.

That night, at tea-time, the master of the house was late; so was the son. When they came in separarately, we found that each of them had gone alone to see if he could hear anything of Sheppie by listening in the darkness outside the house where we had left our doggie, but could hear only the man inside speaking to his own dog. Their efforts were vain, but doubly glad was the welcome home.

Boarding Sheppie out was never attempted again. I could say, "How silly," with as much emphasis as anyone else, but I would do the same again. The ache that rends the heart when home seems desolate is too keen to be suffered when we can avoid it. He grew to be our companion in walks and rides, so joyful when permitted to go, so obedient and resigned when denied. His young master was most beloved of all in the house. I have seen the big tears roll down from Shep's sad eyes when he watched his departure on a journey.

Shep lived to be seventeen years old, ever our faithful friend in joy or grief.—*Mrs. John E. Dimick.*

Our Dumb Animals.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

BOHEMIAN IMMIGRATION

In the consideration of Bohemian immigration, in the Monday evening class at Lincoln Centre during the past winter, the address was given by Mr. J. J. Zuerhal, principal of the N. S. Davis School.

Mr. Zuerhal, at the beginning of his address, referred briefly to his personal history. Born in Bohemia, he, as a boy of about fourteen years, declined to accompany his family to this country, but a year later decided to follow them. He completed his education, high school and college, in the United States. His first experiences in the new land, as well as those of his brothers, have led him to certain conclusions regarding the process of Americanizing the foreigner. The chief point to be recognized is that the immediate surroundings of the immigrant at once become operative upon him; therefore it is of great importance that the environment be such as to conduce to healthy and industrious life. But after all, he said, it is for the second generation that one has fears. The children easily take on the ideals, good, bad or indifferent, of their environment, and do not realize that much that is American is unworthy of being copied; neither do they accept the fact that much that their parents have brought with them from the home across the sea is well worth keeping. As a result of this mistaken attitude there is an early loss of parental control, and may lead even to a certain feeling of contempt for their foreign parents. Every effort should be made to cultivate respect and appreciation, on the part of American born children of foreign parents, for their valuable inheritance.

Mr. Zuerhal said that in hearing the oft quoted expression, "America, the melting pot of the nations," it had occurred to him that, like the ancient alchemist, America expects to obtain only the pure gold, no matter how base she allows the ingredients to become. Out of this pot cannot come an unalloyed metal, neither will it be transmuted into an Anglo-Saxon product. Reverting to the history of Bohemia, he said for long years Bohemia was a storm center. The Thirty Years War, for instance, left it ravaged. But it was also a center of thought, for John Huss preceded Luther by an hundred years. The country passed through two hundred years of persecution. Goethe remarked "there were no Bohemian people left," but there came a revival of national spirit and culture. Through the union of church and state, the bigotry of Austria attempted to repress independent thought, but failed; *free thought*, being not a demonstration against God, but against oppression, grew rapidly. Of the Bohemians in this country very few are Protestants; about forty per cent are lukewarm Catholics, and among them are many free thinkers. The latter fact, Mr. Zuerhal thought, need not be viewed with alarm as an expression of a great desire for freedom; but he said the older generation was feeling the need of religious sentiment, and the children growing up without it and without the inherited traditions of race, were in danger of being without ideals, and this was a menace to good citizenship. He spoke with gratitude of the influence of one of his early teachers, who had urged him to retain his knowledge of the Bohemian language and commended a plan suggested by the superintendent of Chicago schools for teaching any foreign language in the schools which might be demanded by the citizens of a given nationality, always, of course, secondary to English. The loss of one's native or inherited language implies the destruction of respect, and its restoration might go far to build up respect for parental control, to which reference has been made.

There are 150,000 Bohemians in Chicago. On the prairie outskirts of the city they build their homes, moving westward as they find themselves too crowded by newcomers. They send their children very largely to the public schools and have Saturday and Sunday schools in which to teach Bohemian traditions.

Politically they are becoming stronger all the time. Among their leaders in Chicago are the present ambassador to the Balkans, the clerk of the Probate Court, Judge Uhler of the Court of Domestic Relations, Mr. Holpuck, recently appointed to the Board of Education, and some six members on the City Council. There is a very general interest among them in woman suffrage, and they are strong in labor union movements. Four Bohemian dailies are published, one Catholic, one Socialist, one free thinking and one independent or neutral. In the United States some thirty or more weeklies are published.

Mr. Zuerhal said smilingly that there was a tradition that the Mayflower brought over the first Bohemians to these shores. They came in ever increasing numbers after the revolution of 1848.

Reported by —HELEN THAYER.

"AL" RINGLING—FAMOUS CIRCUS MAN.

In the "Interesting People" department of the February *American Magazine* appears an account of "Al" Ringling, the famous veteran showman. He and his brothers are the greatest powers in the circus world to-day. When they were school boys, they ran away from home and started to give a show in neighboring towns. They now own Barnum & Bailey's circus and many other of the most important shows. In the article Mr. Ringling is quoted as follows:

"'I've always been in the circus business,' he said. 'As a schoolboy I ran away from home with one or two of my brothers and started to give a blackface show in neighboring towns. We were hardly started when my good father arrived on the scene, the second or third day, and took us home—using a combination of sheer force and persuasion of another kind. But even though he took us home, he couldn't get the 'circus' out of our systems, and in 1882 we started out in earnest.

"'Our first performance was in the jail yard in Baraboo. There are lots of people who still remember that performance, largely, I guess, because the seats fell down and almost broke up the show. Of course, it was only a small venture and had little to recommend it save the enthusiasm of the performers.

"'Oh, yes!'—he anticipated my question—'we all performed in those days, all five of us. One of us was the ringmaster; another walked the tight rope; another ate fire; one was a clown; my own act was juggling and rolling big cannon balls up and down my arms and around my neck. Some say that's why I'm a little stooped to-day.'

"Did you have any animals, then, any menagerie?

"'Only three or four horses, a monkey and a hyena—but this last had a more blood-curdling name. We called him a 'grave-robbing man-eater.' As such he was a great success and brought us lots of business.

"'This was in our 'wagon-show days,'' he continued. 'We traveled by wagons for six years before we became a railroad show. In those times one year was about like another, but when we got onto the railroads we began to grow rapidly.'

"I remarked that Mr. Ringling must have seen many changes take place in the circus business.

"'Yes, indeed!' he replied. 'And when I think of the pioneers whose names headed the 'greatest shows on earth' I begin to feel like an old man, although I'm only sixty-four.' A reminiscent look came into the kindly eyes which look out from beneath black, bushy eyebrows of marked contrast to the circus man's silver-gray and close-cropped hair. 'Barnum, of course, has been dead a good many years. His partner and successor, Bailey, is also dead, and we boys own the Barnum & Bailey show. The Forepaugh brothers are gone; so are the Sells brothers. Their combined shows belong to me individually. There was a time also when we controlled the Buffalo Bill Wild West. Come to think of it, I'm pretty near the veteran showman to-day, although I've got four younger brothers associated with me in the business.'"

CRABBING 20,000 YEARS AGO

Wicker traps for crabs seemed to have aided prehistoric man in forming his menu some 20,000 years ago. Important discoveries, which, it is believed, may solve the problem of chronological valuation, have been made on the Island of Oronsay, off the coast of Scotland, by an expedition of Glasgow antiquarians.

A large quantity of material taken from the sites on which the party worked has been delivered at the South Kensington Natural History Museum, and experts there are investigating the discoveries. The expedition was under the leadership of A. H. Bishop and Ludovic Mann, and its members received permission from Lord Strathcona to carry out operations on the island.

As a result of the expedition it has been proved that there existed at one time—about 20,000 years ago—on the shores of Scotland prehistoric shore-dwellers, who had a method of constructing traps, perhaps of wickerwork, which they sunk in deep water to catch crabs. The man of that remote period had already learned the value of the deep-sea crab, and the remains found on the island have proved the existence of man somewhere between the later phases of the older Stone Age and the earlier phases of the younger Stone Age, or, in other words, between the Palæolithic and Neolithic ages.

His diet was more varied than is that of the average Englishman today. He ate hazelnuts chiefly. In the refuse of his kitchens there have been discovered many evidences of this; but he had also some two dozen specimens of molluscs from which to select, and in his larder have been found several dozen specimens of fish. The great auk was one of his dishes of wild-fowl.

But the explorers found what was even more interesting than that. The prehistoric islander must have been a great hunter and lived happily on feasts of red deer and swine, and it is believed from the remains on the island that at one time this curious half-man must have been something of a sailor to gain the mainland, unless the mainland was joined to Oronsay by a strip of land which has since disappeared. The theory that finds most credence with the experts, however, is that the prehistric man made some sort of boat out of the skins of beasts slain in the chase, and stretched on frames of wickerwork. Every evidence that has come to the hands of the explorers points to a period of great antiquity. With the exception of two relics, England, Ireland and Wales has not yielded any discovery that threw light on the period mentioned above, but a few sites had become known in the Hebrides and on the west coast of Scotland.

—*Exchange.*

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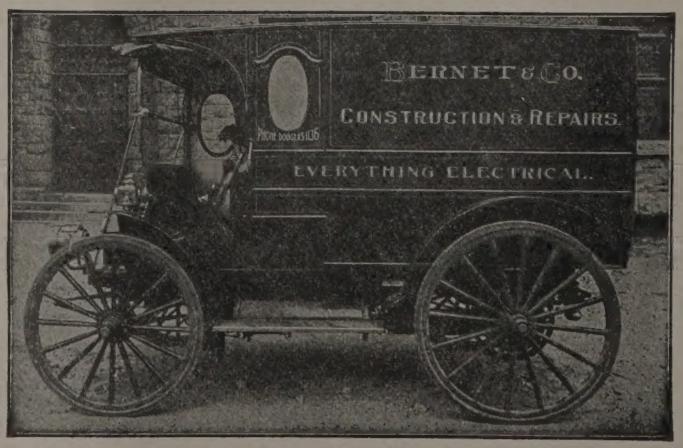

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Coffee

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